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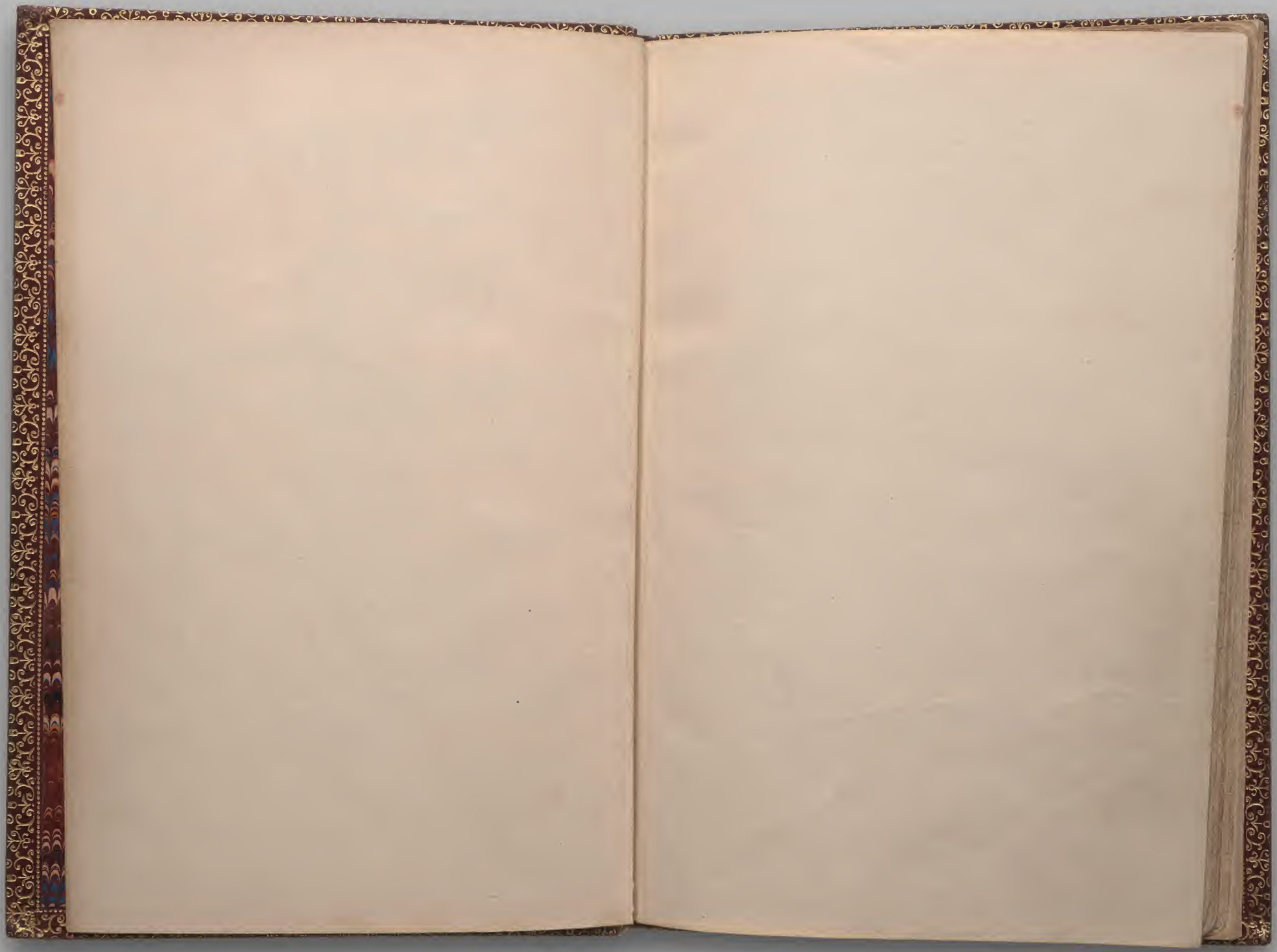

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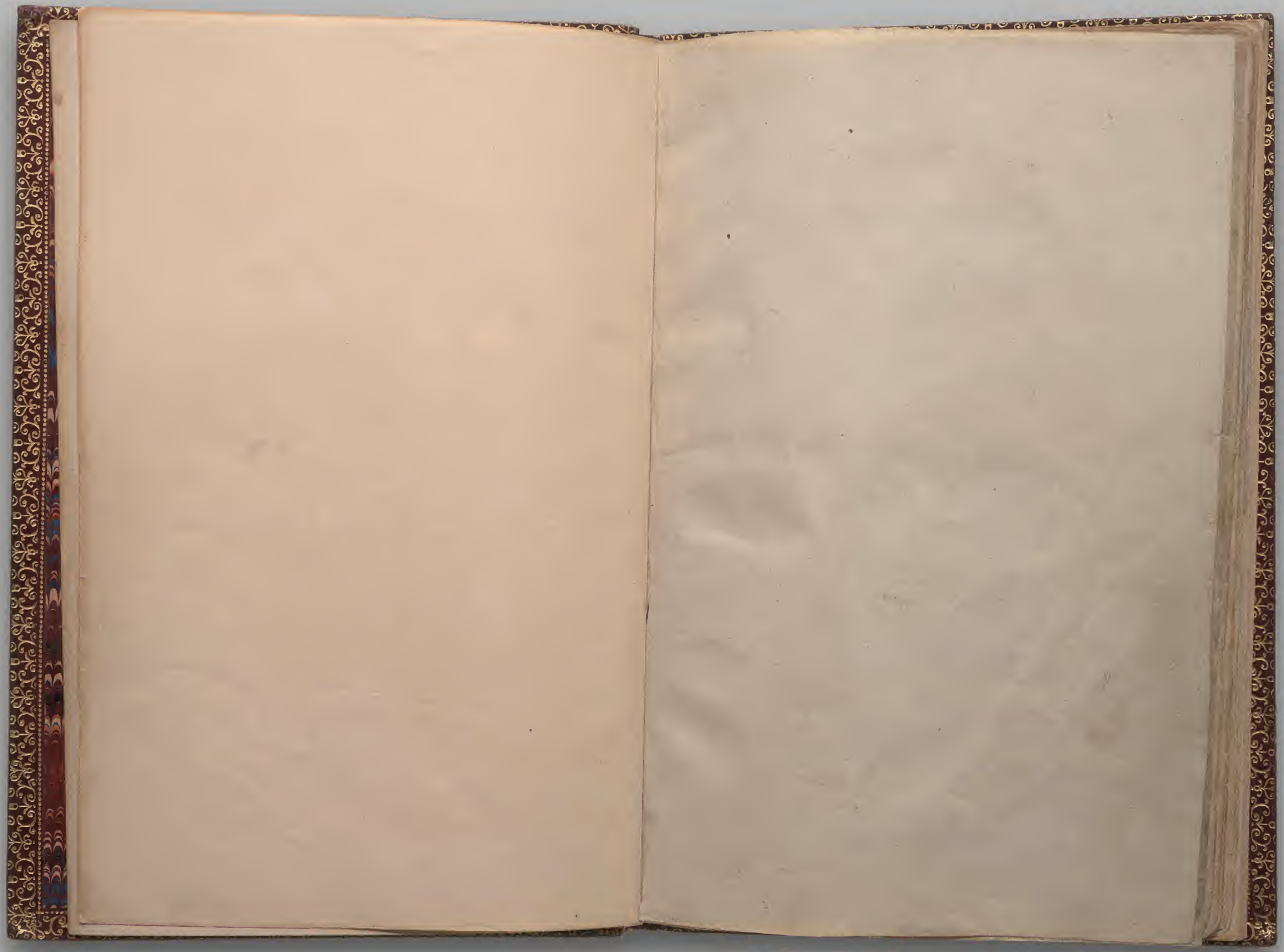

C.12.g.22.

THE CRONICLE

Hiſtory of Henry the fift,

With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with *Auntient Piſtoll*.

As it hath bene ſundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

LONDON

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be ſold at his houſe in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.

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The Chronicle Hiſtorie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with Auncient *Piſtoll*.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. *Biſhops*, Clarence, *and other Attendants.*

Exeter.

SHall I call in Thambaſſadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Couſin, til we be reſolude
Of ſome ſerious matters touching vs and *France.*
Bi. God and his Angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it.
King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or ſhould or ſhould not, ſtop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wiſe and learned Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, frame, or wreſt the ſame.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence ſhall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our perſon,
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this coniuration, ſpeake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you ſpeake, is waſht as pure
As ſin in baptiſme.

Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*
But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,
No female shall succeed in salicke land,
Which salicke land the French vniustly gloze
To be the realme of *France*:
And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
That the land salicke lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the flouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons,
There left behind, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
For some dishonest maners of their liues,
Establisht there this lawe. To wit,
No female shall succeed in salicke land:
Which salicke land as I said before,
Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene*:
Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe
Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,
Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,
Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares
After the function of king *Faramont*,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some showe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe

To

To barre your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime:
K. May we with right & conscience make this
Bi. The sin vpon my head dread soueraigne,
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs graue,
From whom you clayme:
And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of *France*,
Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of *France*:
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.
King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.
Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:

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For heare her but examplified by her ſelfe,
When all her chiualry hath bene in *France*
And ſhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytiffe ſhe did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praiſe
As is the owſe and bottome of the ſea
With ſunken wrack and ſhipleſſe treaſurie.
Eord. There is a ſaying very old and true,
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* firſt begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his vnfurniſh neſt the weazel Scot
Would ſuck her egs, playing the mouſe in abſence of the cat:
To ſpoyle and hauock more then ſhe can eat.
Exe. It followes then, the cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a curſt neceſſitie,
Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues:
Whilſte that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The aduiſed head controlles at home:
For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall conſent like muſicke.
Bi. True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man in diuers functions.
Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
For ſo liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:
They haue a King and officers of ſort,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like ſouldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boote vpon the ſommers veluet bud:
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperour,
Who buſied in his maieſtie, behold
The ſinging maſons building roofes of gold:

The

The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
The ſad eyde Iuſtice with his ſurly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many Arrowes loſed ſeuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
As many ſeuerall wayes meete in one towne:
As many freſh ſtreames run in one ſelfe ſea:
As many lines cloſe in the dyall center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall, ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth loſe
The name of pollicy and hardineſſe.
Ki. Call in the meſſenger ſent frō the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble ſinewes of our land,
France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Eyther our Chronicles ſhal with full mouth ſpeak
Freely of our acts,
Or elſe like toongleſſe mutes
Not worſhipt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter Thambaſſadors from France.

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleaſure,
For we heare your comming is from him.
Ambaſſa. Pleaſeth your Maieſtie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or ſhall I ſparingly ſhew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleaſure and our Embaſſage?
King. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
To whom our ſpirit is as ſubiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our priſons.

There-

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Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldneſſe
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.
Ambaſ. Then this in fine the Dolphin ſaith,
Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
From your predeceſſor king *Edward* the third,
This he returnes.
He ſaith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he ſendeth meeter for your ſtudy,
This tunne of treaſure: and in lieu of this,
Deſires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin ſaith.
King. What treaſure Vncle?
Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.
King. We are glad the Dolphin is ſo pleaſant with vs,
Your meſſage and his preſent we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to theſe balles,
We will by Gods grace play ſuch a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* ſhall be diſturbd with chaſes.
And we vnderſtand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder dayes, not meaſuring what vſe we made
of them.
We neuer valued this poore ſeate of England.
And therefore gaue our ſelues to barbarous licence:
As tis common ſeene that men are merrieſt when they are
from home.
But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our ſtate,
Be like a King, mightie and commaund,
When we do rowſe vs in throne of *France*:
For this haue we laid by our Maieſtie
And plodded like a man for working dayes.
But we will riſe there with ſo full of glory,
That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*,
I ſtrike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun
(ſtones,
And

And his ſoule ſhall ſit ſore charged for the waſtfull
(vengeance
That ſhall flye from them. For this his mocke
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mocke Caſtles downe,
Some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That ſhall haue cauſe to curſe the Dolphins ſcorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo
(appeale,
And in whoſe name tel you the Dolphin we are cõming on
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cauſe: ſo get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His leſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe, more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with ſafe conduct: ſee them hence.
Exe. This was a merry meſſage.
King. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it:
Therfore let our collectiõ for the wars be ſoone prouided:
For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers
(doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nim *and* Bardolfe.

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall *Nim*.
Nim. Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe*.
Bar. What is antient *Piſtoll* and thee friends yet?
Nim. I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:
It is a ſimple one, but what tho; it will ſerue to toſte cheeſe.
And it will endure cold as an other mans ſword will,
And theres the humor of it.
Bar. Yfaith miſtreſſe quickly did thee great wrong,
For thou weart troth plight to her.

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Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.
Bar. Come y faith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*
And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie knives
To cut our owne throates.
Nim. Y faith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll *and Hostes Quickly his wife.*
Bar. Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll.*
Here comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.
Nim. How do you my Hoste?
Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me hoste?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.
Host. No by my troath not I,
For we cãnot bed nor boord half a score honest gẽtlewomẽ
That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now shall
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.
Nim. Push.
Pist. What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland?
Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.
Pist. Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy messfull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
And *Pistolls* flashing firy cock is vp.
Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, Ile scoure you with my
Rapier

Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,
And theres the humour of it.
Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.
They drawe.
Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.
Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
And theres the humor of it. (termes,
Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.
Enter the Boy.
Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host *Pistoll.* Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a
(warming pan.
Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
(of these dayes.
Ile go to him, husband youle come?
Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.
Nim prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.
Ni. I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating?
Pist. Base is the slaue that payes.
Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.
Pist. As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*
Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.
Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

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Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating?

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood:
Ile liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will accrue.

Nim. I shall haue my noble?

Pist. In cash most truly paid.

Nim. Why thers the humour of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

Pist. Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust these traytors.

Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
That he should for a forraine purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of *Massham.*

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now sirs the windes faire, and we wil aboord;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Massham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France?*

Massha. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

Cam. Neuer

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then is your maiestie.

Gray. Euen those that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnesse,
And shall forget the office of our hands:
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cause and worthinesse.

Massha. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

King. Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Massha. That is mercie, but too much securitie:
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne, least the example of (him,
Breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.

Gray. You shew great mercie if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correction.

King. Alas your too much care and loue of me
Are heauy orisons gainst the poore wretch,
If litle faults proceeding on distemper should not bee (winked at,
How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and disgested, appeare before vs:
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preseruation of our state,
Would haue him punisht.
Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

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Mash. So did you me my Soueraigne.
Gray. And me my Lord.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours
There is yours my Lord of *Masham.*
And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland,* this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours
Vnckle *Exeter* I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie.
Mash. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is forestald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
These English monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honour:
And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France*
To kill vs here in *Hampton.* To the which,
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.
But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
Wouldest thou a practisde on me for thy vse:
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

Tis

Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth showe as grose
As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.
Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,
And God acquit them of their practises.
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard,* Earle of *Cambridge.*
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry,* Lord of *Masham.*
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Gray,* knight of *Northumberland.*
Mash. Our purposes God iustly hath discouered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your maiestie forgiue,
Altho my body pay the price of it.
King. God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.
You haue conspired against our royall person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death
Touching our person we seeke no redresse.
But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you. (death,
Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amisse:
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to *France.* The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiuely.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:
No King of England, if not King of *France.*

Exit omnes.

Enter

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Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy.

Host. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as (*Staines,*

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well sir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.

Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosom, if euer any were:
He went away as if it were a cry sombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide:
His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
And talk of floures, and smile vpō his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn* quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone:
And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnat.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women,
But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of (*Babylon.*

Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black soule
Burning in hell fire?

Bar.

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king wil be gone from *Southampton.*

Pist. Cleare vp thy cristalles,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.

Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others.

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance,*
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry,*
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.

Dolphin. My gratious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,
And view the weak & sickly parts of *France:*
But let vs do it with no show of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were busied with a Moris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.

Con. O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your selfe,

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Queſtion your grace the late Embaſſador,
With what regard he heard his Embaſſage,
How well ſupplied with aged Counſellours,
And how his reſolution andſwered him,
You then would ſay that *Harry* was not wilde.
King. Well thinke we *Harry* ſtrong:
And ſtrongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord here is an Embaſſador
From the King of England.
Kin. Bid him come in.
You ſee this chaſe is hotly followed Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this Engliſh ſhort.
Selfeloue my Liege is not ſo vile a thing,
As ſelfe neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieſtie.
He wils you in the name of God Almightie,
That you deueſt your ſelfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide ſtretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the worme-holes of old vaniſht dayes,
Nor from the duſt of old obliuion rackte,
He ſends you theſe moſt memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonſtrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his moſt famed and famous anceſtors,
Edward the third, he bids you then reſigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

King.

King. If not, what followes?
Exe. Bloody cõſtraint, for if you hide the crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempeſt is he comming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maydens grones.
For husbands, fathers, and diſtreſſed louers,
Which ſhall be ſwallowed in this controuerſie.
This is his claime, his threatning, and my meſſage,
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſly we bring greeting too.
Dol. For the *Dolphin?* I ſtand here for him,
What to heare from England.
Exe. Scorn & defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie ſender, doth he priſe you at:
Thus ſaith my king. Vnles your fathers highneſſe
Sweeten the bitter mocke you ſent his Maieſtie,
Heele call you to ſo loud an anſwere for it,
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
Shall chide your treſpaſſe, and return your mock,
In ſecond accent of his ordenance.
Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is againſt my will:
For I deſire nothing ſo much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cauſe according to his youth
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balles.
Exe. Heele make your *Paris* Louer ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſſe Court of mightie *Europe*,
And be aſſured, youle finde a difference
As we his ſubiects haue in wonder found:

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Betweene his yonger dayes and theſe he muſters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the lateſt graine,
Which you ſhall finde in your owne loſſes
If he ſtay in *France*.

King. Well for vs, you ſhall returne our anſwere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, Boy.

Nim. Before God here is hote ſeruice.

Piſt. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaſſals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London:
Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

Piſt. And I. If wiſhes would preuaile,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen *and beates them in.*

Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
You raſcals, will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage ſweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well I would I were once from them:
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will ſteale any thing.
Bardolfe ſtole a Lute caſe, carryed it three mile,
And ſold it for three hapence.
Nim ſtole a fier ſhouell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, *and the Boy.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Flewellen*, you muſt come ſtrait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloſter*.

Looke

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not ſo good
To come to the mines: the concuaueties is otherwiſe.
You may diſcuſſe to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himſelfe fiue yardes vnder the countermines:
By *Ieſus* I thinke heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direction.

Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

King. How yet reſolues the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the lateſt parley weele admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercie giue your ſelues,
Or like to men proud of deſtruction, defie vs to our worſt,
For as I am a ſouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me beſt, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe be buried,
The gates of mercie are all ſhut vp.
What ſay you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus deſtroyd?

Enter Gouernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of ſuccour we entreated,
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy ſoft mercie:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſiue now.

Enter Katherine, Allice.

Kate. *Allice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman ſae palla vou la main en francoy.

Allice. La

Alice. La main madam de han.
Kate. E da bras.
Alice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.
Alice. Owy e madam.
Kate. E Coman ſa pella vow la menton a la coll.
Alice. De neck, e de cin, madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Alice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie reherſera, towt cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Alice. De elbo madam.
Kate. O Ieſu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Alice. Ma foy madam, vow parla au ſe bon Angloys
Aſie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, Ie parle milleur
Coman ſe pella vou le peid e le robe.
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le fot, e le con, ô Ieſu! Ie ne vew poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
Alice. Madam, de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill auſie, ecowte Allice, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.
Alice. Cet fort bon madam.
Kate. Alouesa diner.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France *Lord Conſtable, the Dolphin, and* Burbon.

King. Tis certaine he is paſt the Riuer Some.
Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few ſpranes of vs,

The

The emptying of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters.
Bur. Normanes, baſterd Normanes, mor du
And if they paſſe vnfoughtwithall,
Ile ſell my Dukedome for a foggy farme
In that ſhort nooke Ile of England.
Conſt. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.
On whom as in diſdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broath, a drench for ſwolne Iades
Their ſodden water decockt ſuch liuely blood?
And ſhall our quick blood ſpirited with wine
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Iiceſickles
Vpon our houſes tops, while they a more frosty clymate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
King. Conſtable diſpatch, ſend Montioy forth,
To know what willing raunſome he will giue?
Sonne *Dolphin* you ſhall ſtay in *Rone* with me.
Dol. Not ſo I do beſeech your Maieſtie.
King. Well, I ſay it ſhalbe ſo.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

Go. How now Captain *Flewellen*, come you frō the bridge?
Flew. By Ieſus thers excellēt ſeruice cōmitted at ẏ bridge.
Gour. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?
Flew. The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,
And I worſhip, with my ſoule, and my heart, and my life,
And my lands and my liuings,
And my vttermoſt powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praiſed and pleaſed for it, no harme in the worell.
He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Enſigne

There,

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Coman ſae palla vou la main en francoy.

Allice. La

Will do among the foming bottles and ale washt wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slaunders of this age,
Or else you may marvellously be mistooke.
Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.
Enter King, Clarence, Gloster *and others.*
King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.
King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen?*
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.
King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.
Enter French Herauld.
Hera. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well thē, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?
Hera. My maisters minde.
King. Vnfold it.
Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:

Altho

Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, adde defyance: So much from the king my maister.
King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
Herald. Montioy.
King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*: for to say the sooth,
Though tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My souldiers are with sickenesse much infeebled,
My Army lessoned, and those fewe I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
My raunsome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guarde,
Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such an other neighbour stood in our way:
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.
So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are:

Nor

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it,
Herauld. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiestie.
Glos. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.
Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.
Const. Tut I haue the best armour in the world.
Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.
Burbon. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.
Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.
Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.
Burb. Why then did they immitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.
Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.
Bur. I bearing me, I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.
Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.
Bur. Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.
Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.
Bur. Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shalbe paued with English faces.
Con. By

Con. By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be outfaced of my way.
Bur. Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.
Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning.
Or. He longs to eate the English.
Con. I thinke he'le eate all he killes.
Orle. O peace, ill will neuer said well.
Con. Ile cap that prouerbe,
With there is flattery in friendship.
Or. O sir, I can answere that,
With giue the diuel his due.
Con. Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
With a logge of the diuel.
Or. Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is simply,
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.
Con. Doing his actiuitie, and he'le stil be doing.
Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
Con. I was told so by one that knows him better the you.
Or. Whose that?
Con. Why he told me so himselfe:
And said he cared not who knew it.
Or. Well who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?
Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,
Before you haue them.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord *Granpeere*.
Con. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away:
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter

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Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

Pist. Ke ve la?
King. A friend.
Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?
King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
Pist. Trailes thou the puissant pike?
King. Euen so sir. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
King. O then thou art better then the King?
Pist. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.
Pist. A lad of life, an impe of fame:
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?
King. *Harry* le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man.
Art thou of Cornish crew?
Kin. No sir, I am a Wealchman.
Pist. A Wealchman: knowst thou *Flewellen*?
Kin. I sir, he is my kinsman.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
Kin. I sir.
Pist. Figa for thee then: my name is *Pistoll*.
Kin. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.
Pist. *Pistoll* is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine *Flewellen*.
Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lewer.
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the auncient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:

But

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.
Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.
Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Asse & a Foole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?
Gour. Ile speake lower.
Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower*.

Exit Gower, and Flewellen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?
2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.
3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.
Kin. Now masters god morrow, what cheare?
3. S. I faith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.
Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.
2. S. I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we
Kin. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.
The Violet smels to him as to vs:
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.
2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good: when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say *I* dyed at such a place. Some swearing:
Some their wiues rawly left:
Some leauing their children poore behind them.

Now

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Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greeuous matter (to him:

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants misfortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answere for his seruants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects:
For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser- (uices:
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated
Murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therfore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience:
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.

3. *Lord.* Yfaith he saies true:
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ransomde.

2. *L.* I he said so, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomde,
And we neuer the wiser.

King. If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.

2. *Lord,*

2. *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a subiect against a monarke.
Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

King. How shall I know thee?

2. *Sol.* Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.

Kin. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.

2. *Sol.* Thou dar'st as well be hangd.

3. *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:
We haue no need of English broyles.

Kin. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clipper.

Exit the souldiers.

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and Attendants.

K. O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the sence of rekconing,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ô God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood:
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,

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Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built two chanceries, more will I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.
King. My brother *Glosters* voyce.
Glost. My Lord, the Army staies vpon your presence:
King. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie.

War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Exe. There is fiue to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:
Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,
My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.
Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick?*
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Cousen, wish not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his pasport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,

We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryspin,
He that outliues this day, and sees old age,
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Cryspin.
He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Cryspines day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
Warwick and *Yorke*.
Familiar in their mouthes as household words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
But we in it shall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother: be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his skars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake that fought with vs
Vpon Saint Crispines day.
Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
King. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
War. Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not wish more help frō England cousen?
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle our.

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Why well said. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for raunſome?

Kin. Who hath ſent thee now?

Her. The Conſtable of *France*.

Kin. I prethy beare my former anſwer backe:
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mock good fellows
The man that once did ſell the Lions skin, (thus?
While the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues within your realme of *France*:
Tho buried in your dunghils, we ſhalbe famed,
For there the Sun ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
The ſmel wherof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*:
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes forth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:
Let me ſpeake proudly,
Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe.
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye:
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſouldiers tel me, yet ere night
Thayle be in freſher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French ſouldiers eares,
And turne them out of ſeruice. If they do this,
As if it pleaſe God they ſhall,
Then ſhall our ranſome ſoone be leuied.

Saue

Saue thou thy labour Herauld:
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle Herauld:
They ſhall haue nought I ſweare, but theſe my bones:
Which if they haue, as *I* wil leaue am them,
Will yeeld them litle, tell the Conſtable.

Her. *I* ſhall deliuer ſo.

Exit Herauld.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee *I* craue,
The leading of the vaward.

Kin. Take it braue *Yorke*. Come ſouldiers lets away:
And as thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the day.

Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Ge. O diabello.

Conſt. Mor du ma vie.

Or. O what a day is this!

Bur. O lour dei houre all is gone, all is loſt.

Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To ſmother vp the Engliſh,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
Why leaſt by a ſlaue no gentler then my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoyld vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues
Vnto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.
Come, come along,
Lets dye with honour, our ſhame doth laſt too long.

Exit omnes.

Enter

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

French. O Monsire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not serue. I will haue fortie moys.

Boy aske him his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?

French. Monsier Fer.

Boy. He saies his name is Master *Fer*.

Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him.

Boy discus the same in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know, whats French

For fer, ferit and ferkt.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.

Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votre gage.

Pist. Onye ma foy couple la gorge.

Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious raunsome, dye.

One poynt of a foxe.

French. Qui dit ill monsiere.

Ill dityes si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran ransome, ill vou tueres.

French. O lee vous en pri petrit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey lee donerees pour mon ransome

Cinquante ocios, le suyes vng gentelhome de *France*.

Pist. What sayes he boy?

Boy. Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great

House, of *France*: and for his ransome,

He will giue you 500. crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate,

And I the Crownes will take.

And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.

Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.

King. What the French retire?

Yet

Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.

King. Liues he good Vnckle, twise I sawe him downe,

Twise vp againe:

From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,

Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,

Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,

The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.

Suffolke first dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,

Comes to him where in blood he lay steept,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yane vpon his face,

And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin *Suffolke*:

My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:

Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:

And in this glorious and well foughten field,

We kept togither in our chiualdry.

Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke

He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,

With blood he sealed, An argument

Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,

Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,

But I not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not: for hearing you,

I must conuert to teares,

Alarum soundes.

What new alarum is this?

Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.

Pist. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

Enter

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Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter:
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Wherupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

Flew. I he was born at *Monmorth*.
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gour. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. Why I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frase is a litle varation.

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Was borne at *Macedon*.
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.

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You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*.
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.

Gower. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

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With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.

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Enter King and the Lords.

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Besides, weele cut the throats of those we haue,
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Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.
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Flew. I out of queſtion or doubt, or ambiguities.
You muſt byte.
Piſt. Good good.
Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Piſtoll.*
There is a ſhilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.
Piſt. Me a ſhilling.
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue an other Leeke for you.
Piſt. I take thy ſhilling in earneſt of reconing.
Flew. If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,
You ſhalbe a woodmonger,
And by cudgels, God bwy you,
Antient *Piſtoll*, God bleſſe you,
And heale your broken pate.
Antient *Piſtoll*, if you ſee Leekes an other time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.
Exit Flewellen.

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.
Doth Fortune play the huſwye with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?
Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is ſicke. One mally die of *France*,
The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.
Bawd will I turne, and vſe the flyte of hand:
To England will I ſteale,
And there Ile ſteale.
And patches will I get vnto theſe skarres,
And ſweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.
Exit Piſtoll.

Enter at one doore, the King of England *and his Lords. And at the other doore, the King of* France, *Queene* Katherine, *the Duke of* Burbon, *and others.*

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
And

And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely couſen *Katherine.*
And as a branch, and member of this ſtock:
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgondie.*
Fran. Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, ſo are we Princes Engliſh euery one.
Duk. With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not diſpleaſe you, if I demaund
What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,
To keepe you from the gentle ſpeech of peace?
Har. If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,
You muſt buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.
Fran. We haue but with a curſenary eye,
Oreviewd them pleaſeth your Grace,
To let ſome of your Counſell ſit with vs,
We ſhall returne our peremptory anſwere.
Har. Go Lords, and ſit with them,
And bring vs anſwere backe.
Yet leaue our couſen *Katherine* here behind.
France. Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katherine, *and the Gentlewoman.*

Hate. Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here
Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my ſaddle,
Without brag be it ſpoken,
Ide make compare with any.
But leauing that *Kate*,
If thou takeſt me now,
Thou ſhalt haue me at the worſt:

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And in wearing, thou ſhalt haue me better and better,
Thou ſhalt haue a face that is not worth ſun-burning.
But dooſt thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, ſhall get a boy,
That ſhall goe to *Conſtantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?
Kate. Is it poſſible dat me ſall
Loue de enemie de *France*.
Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpoſſible
You ſhould loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* ſo well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me ſee, Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed.
Quan *France* et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous?
Kate. Den *France* ſall be mine.
Harry. Et Ie ſuyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? tis eaſier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to ſpeak ſo much
More French.

Kate. A your Maieſty has falſe *France* inough
To deceiue de beſt Lady in *France*.
Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,
In plaine termes, do you loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your cloſſet,
Youle queſtion this Lady of me.
But I pray thee ſweete *Kate*, vſe me mercifully,
Becauſe I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye *Kate*, is ſure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A ſtraight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the ſun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore *Kate* take me,
Take a ſouldier: take a ſouldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?
Kate. Dat is as pleaſe the King my father.
Harry. Nay it will pleaſe him:
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him *Kate*.
And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kiſſe you.
Ka. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke choſſe
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fouor.
Harry. What ſaies ſhe Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de faſion en *France*,
For de maides, before da be married to

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May foy ie oblye, what is to baſſie?
Har. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the
Faſhion in *Frannce*, for the maydes to kis
Before they are married.
Lady. Owye ſee votree grace.
Har. Well, weele breake that cuſtome.
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kiſſes:
And may perſwade with me more,
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

Enter the King of France, and the Lordes.

How now my Lords?
France. Brother of England,
We haue orered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in ſedule had.
Exe. Only he hath not ſubſcribed this,
Where your maieſtie demaunds,
That the king of *France* hauing any occaſion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highneſſe, in this forme:
And with this addition in French.
Noſtre treſher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterre,
E heare de France. And thus in Latin:
Preclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie.
Fran. Nor this haue we ſo nicely ſtood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the ſame.
Har. Why then let this among the reſt,
Haue his full courſe: And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in mariage.

France.

Fran. This and what elſe,
Your maieſtie ſhall craue.
God that diſpoſeth all, giue you much ioy.
Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand:
Our mariage will we preſent ſolemniſe,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I ſweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee:
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

FINIS.

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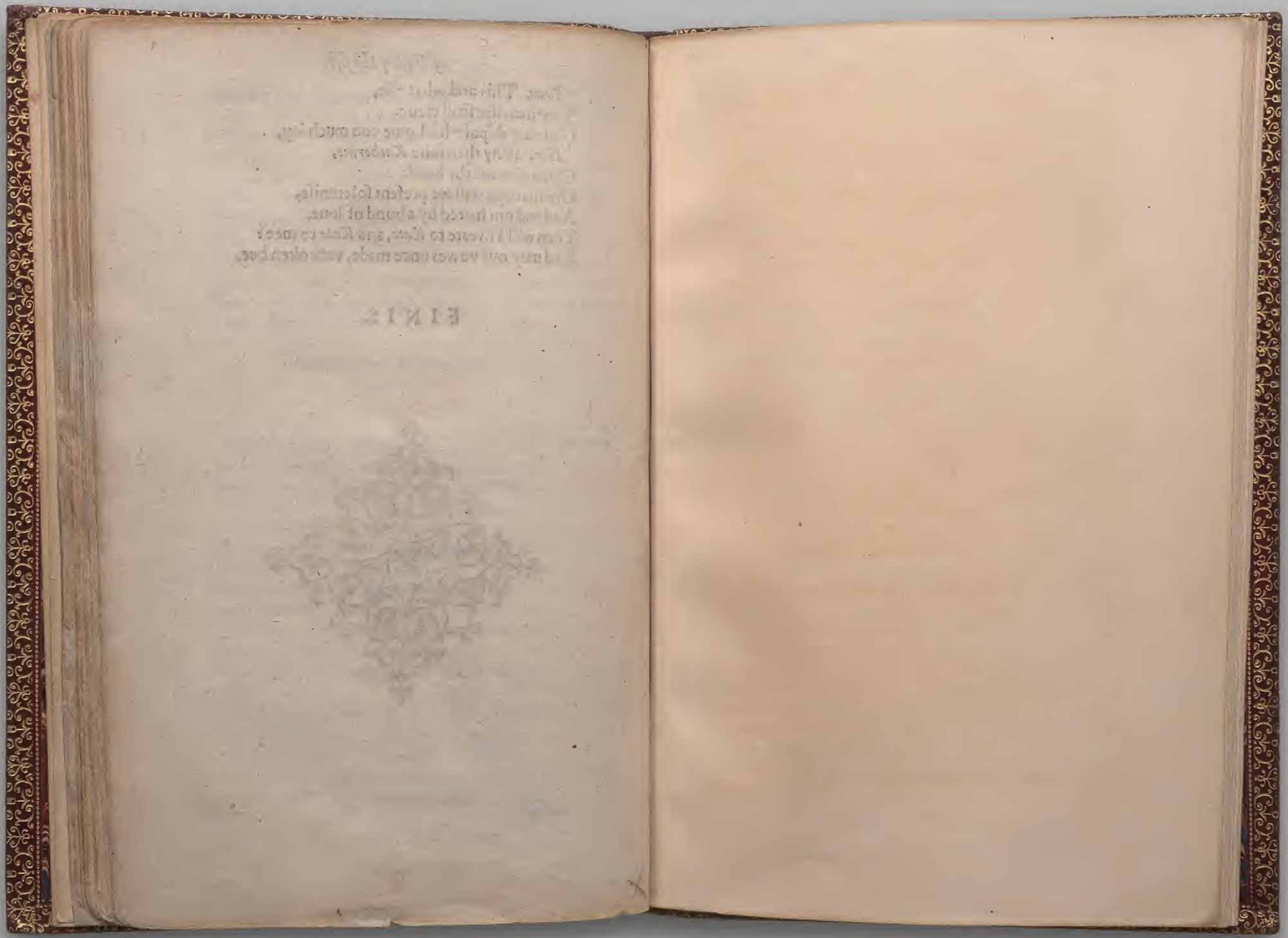

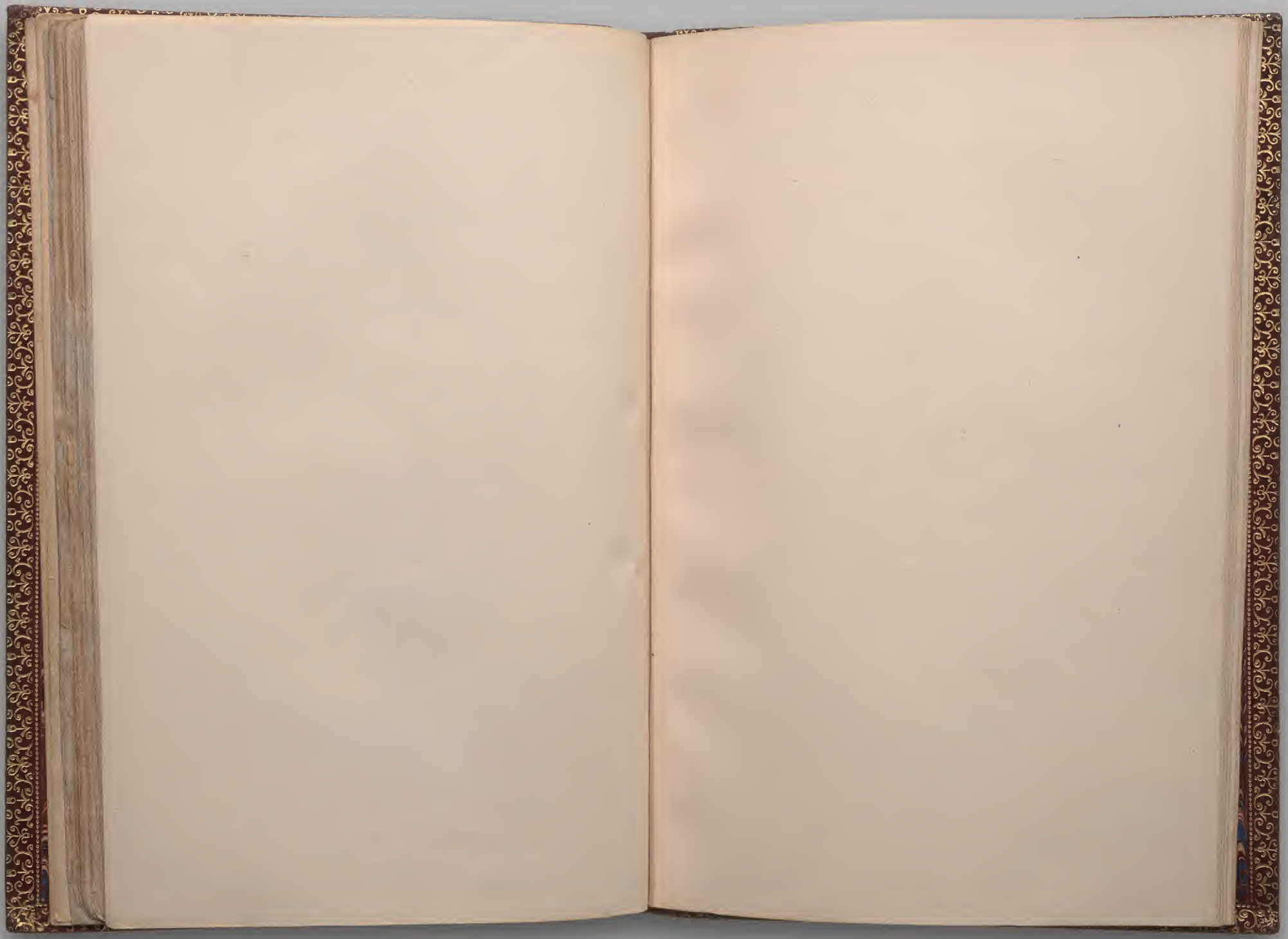

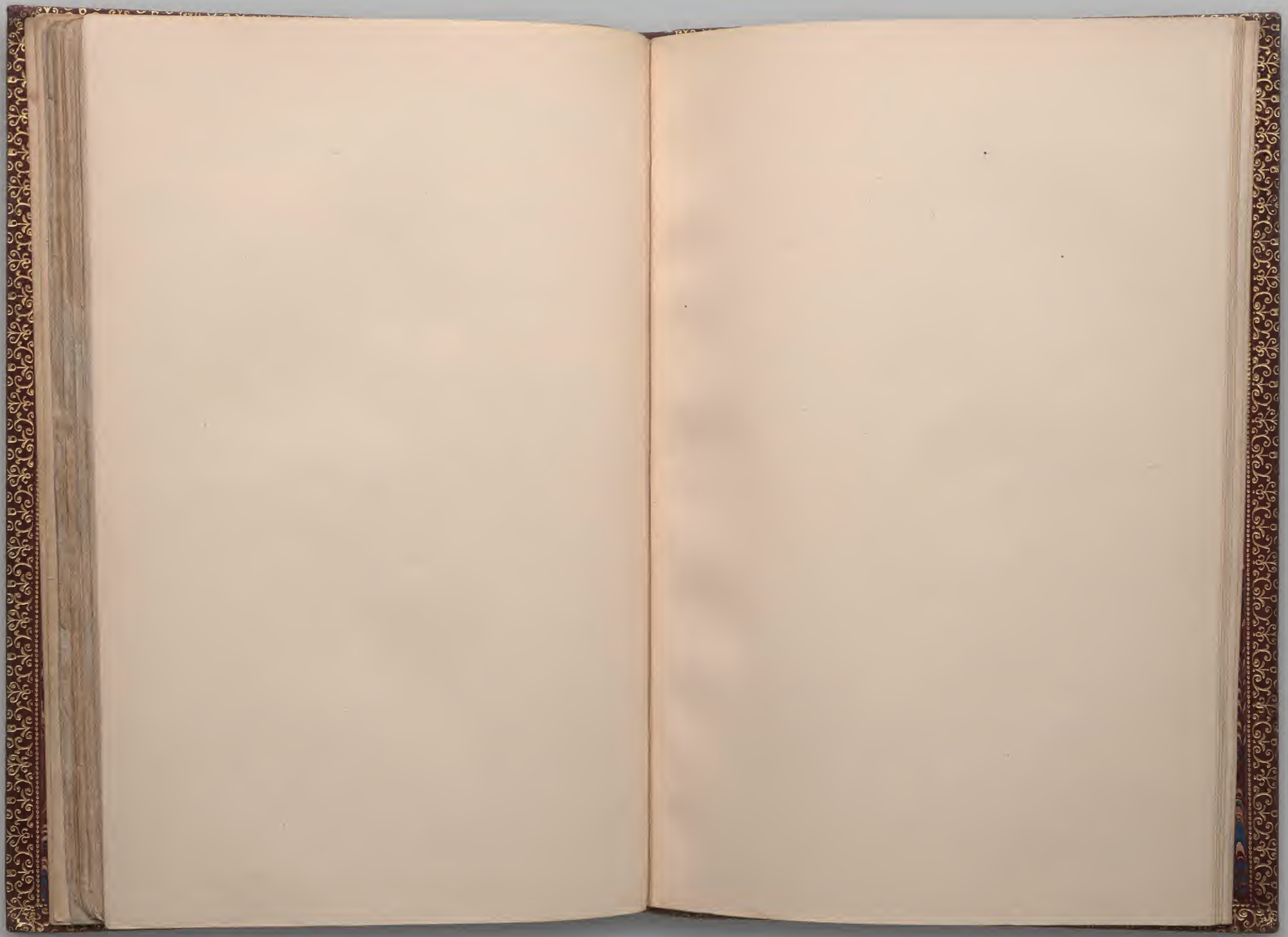

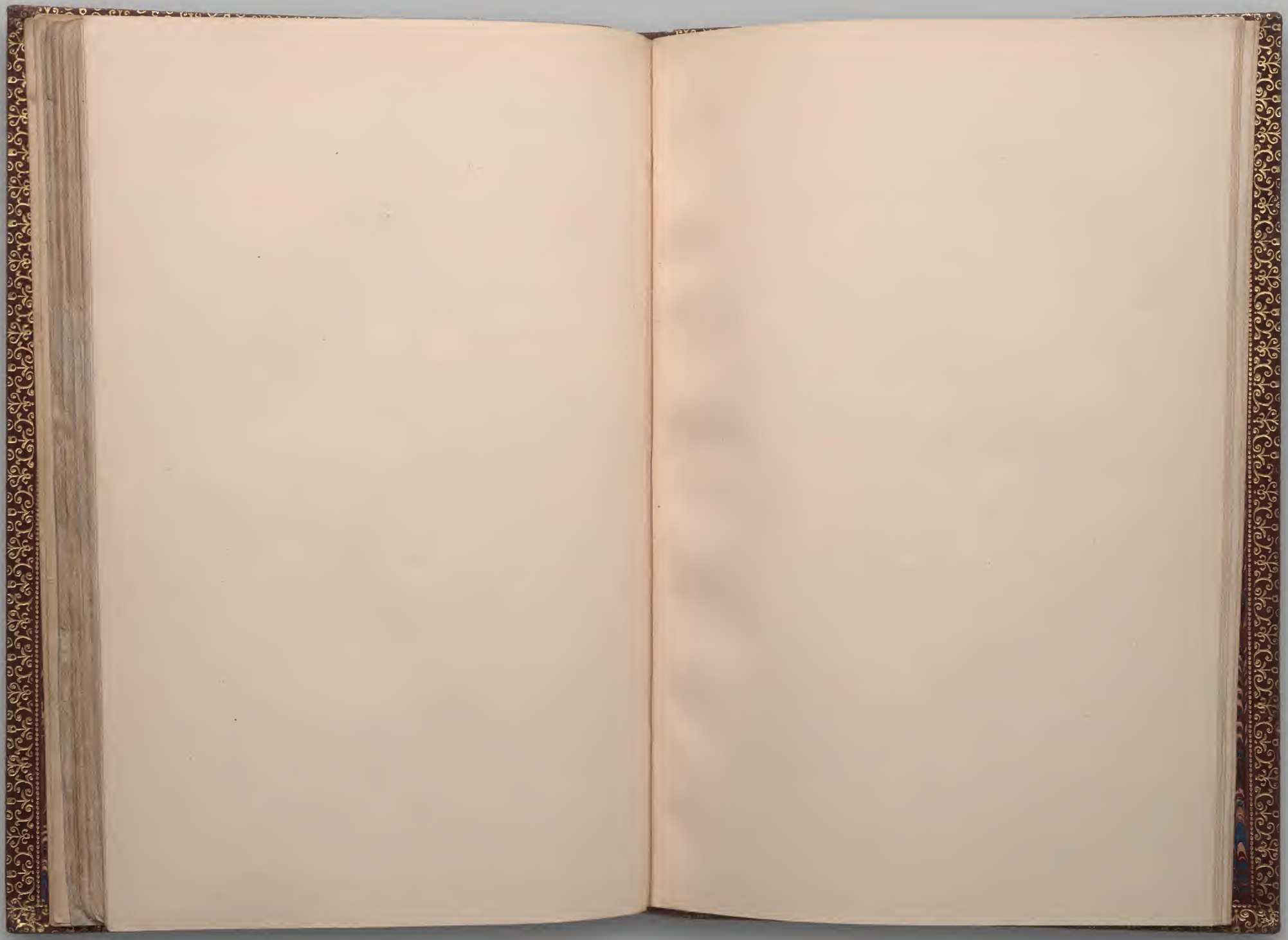

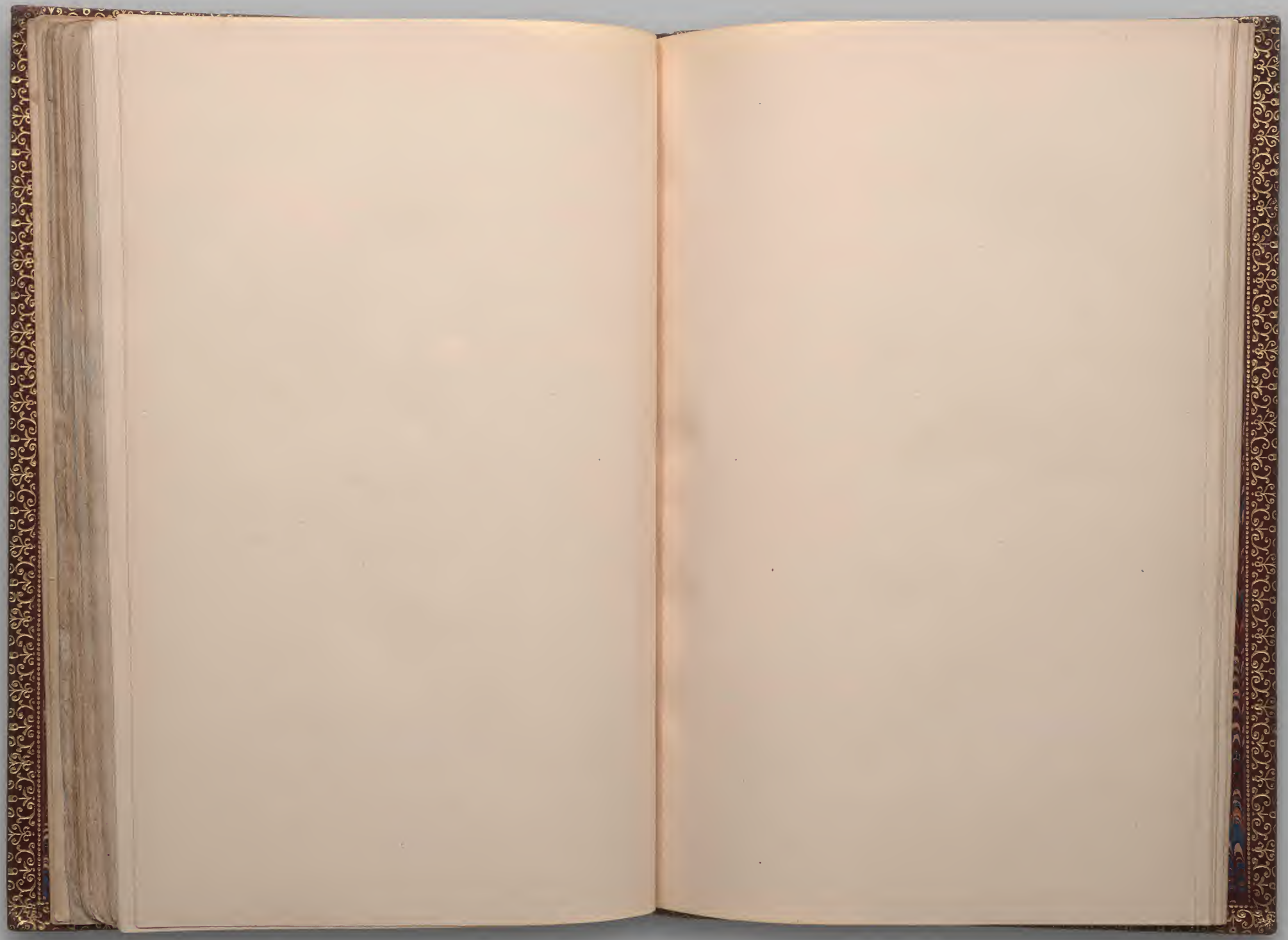

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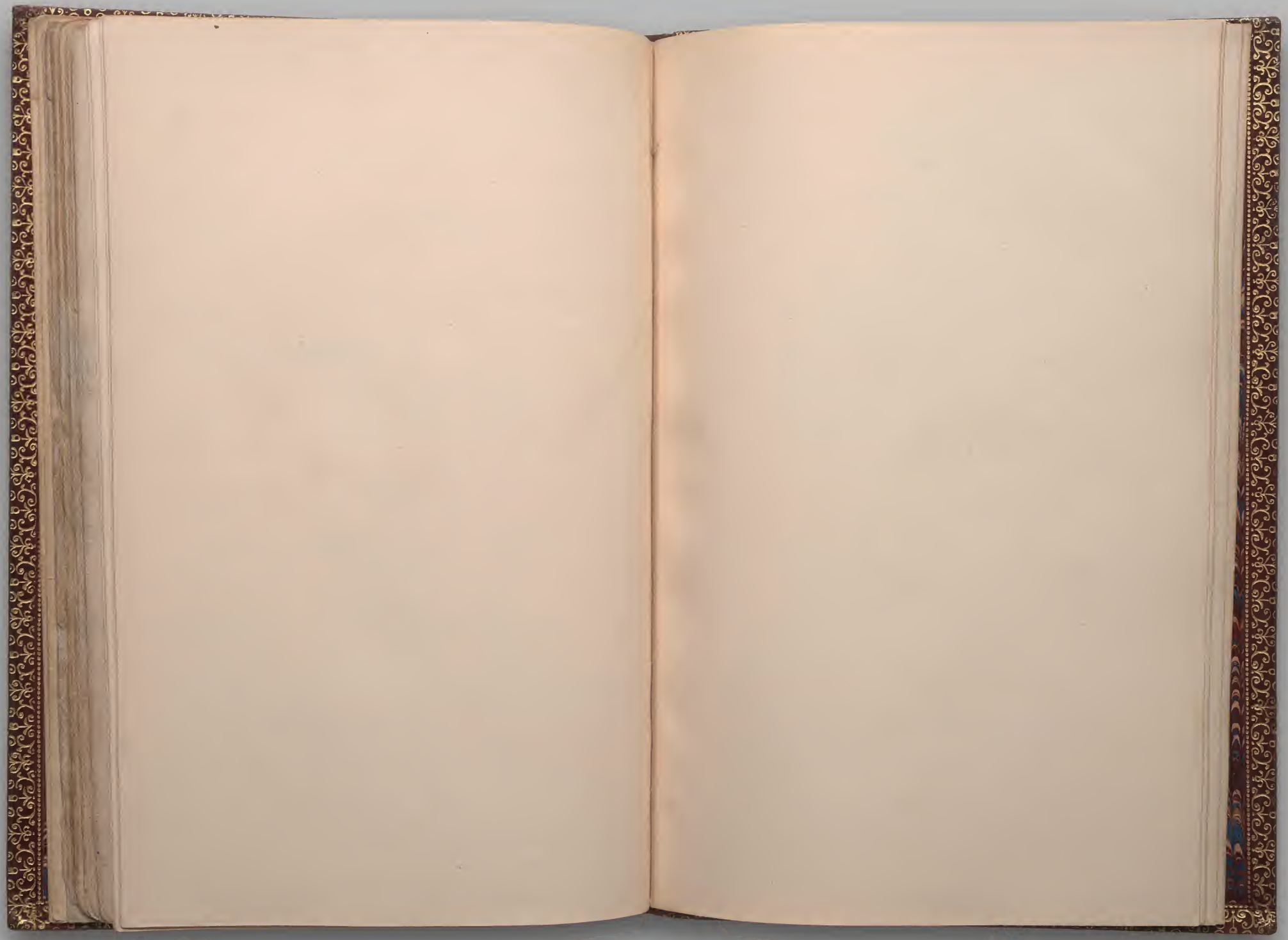

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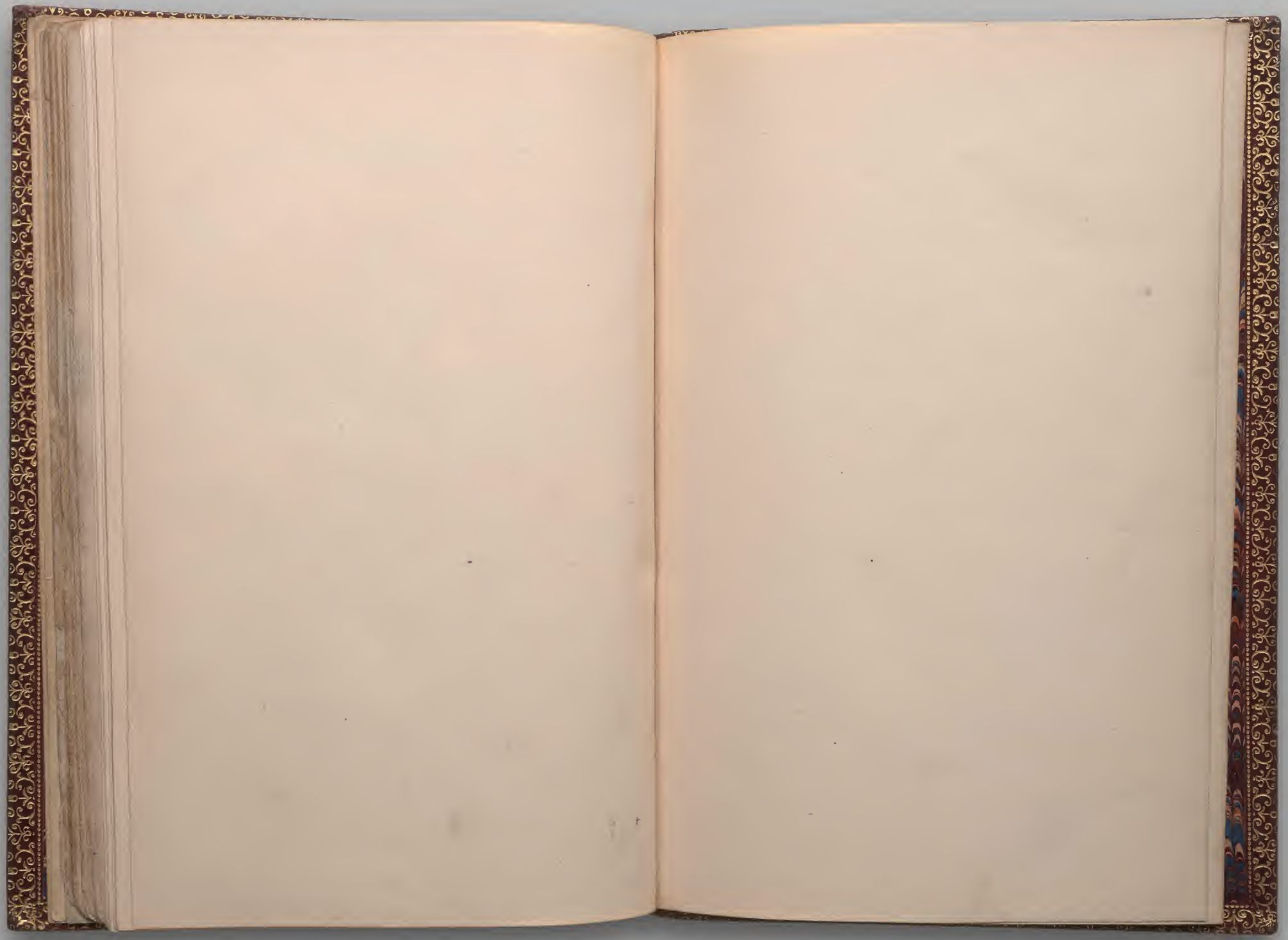

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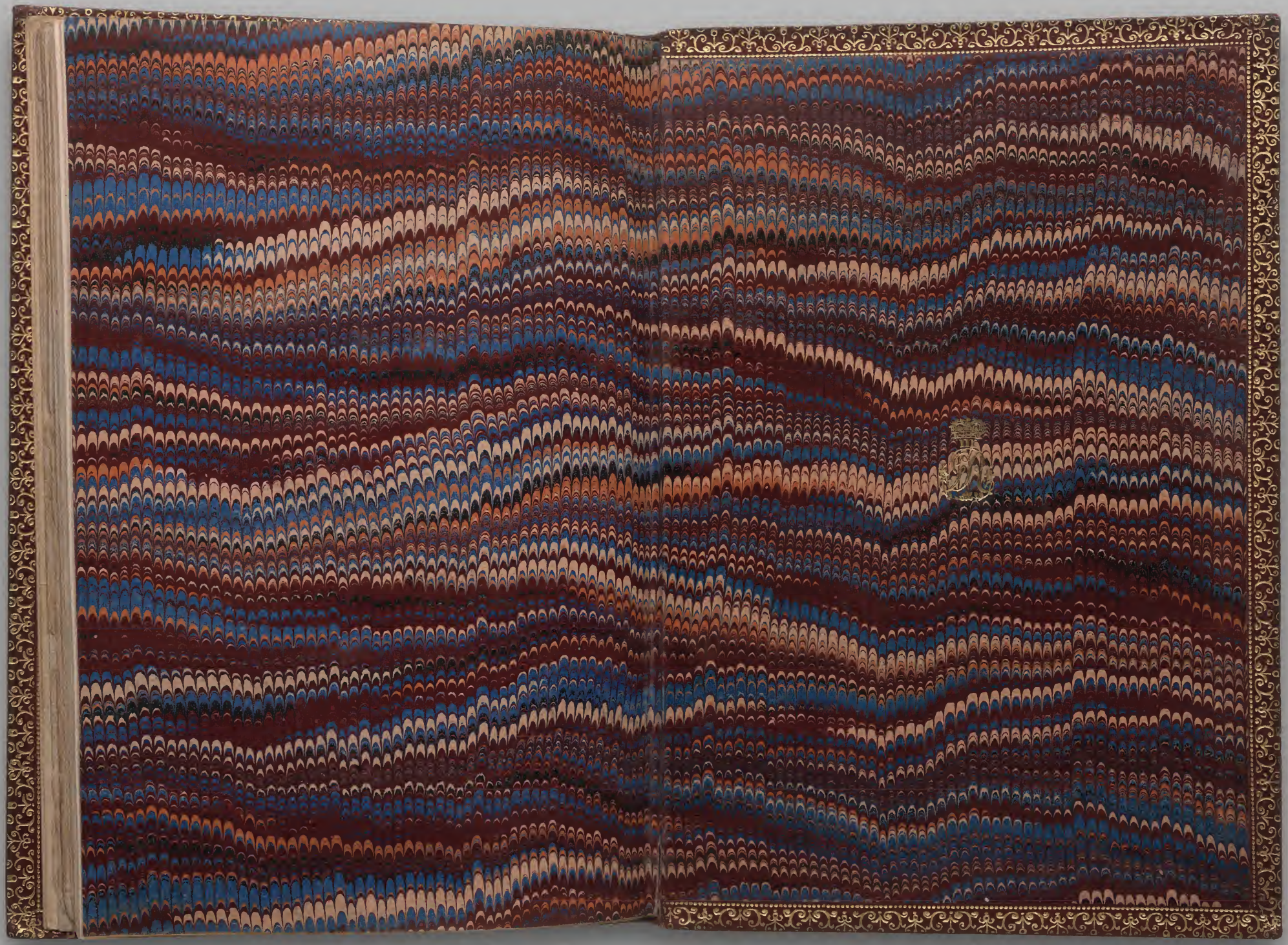

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